THE WEEKLY PORTAGE SENTINEL.

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Poetical.

From Mrs. Partington's "Knitting-Work."

The Old Piano.

The following lines are supposed to embody the feelings of one who stands amid the wreck of her ruined fortunes, and finds in the memories of the past a solace for the present. It is not altogether a fancy sketch.

When the evening falls around me,
And my room is hushed and calm,
Come to me long-vanished pleasures,—
Come the wormwood and the balm;
Loving faces smile upon me,
Faces long beneath the mould,
Loving lips mine own are pressing,
Lips that long ago grew cold.

O, the voices! how they whisper!
And I strain my eager ear,
Not to lose a word whose meaning
All my spirit thrills to hear;
And amid the tones they utter,
Weaving through them like a thread,
Comes a strain of distant music,
Echo of a strain long fled.

From amid the brooding shadows,
And the shapes that come and go,
Hark! the old piano murmurs
With a note I dearly know;
And my soul in transport listens
To the keys' familiar tone,
As the shadowy fingers touch them
With a love they erst have known.

Joyful notes of sweetest meaning
Tinkle in my wakeful brain,
As upon the parching foliage
Sounds the grateful summer rain;
Mournful notes of import tender
Sighingly my heart receives,
As amid the evening breezes
Sighs the cadence of the leaves.

'Twas a phantom,—an illusion,—
And the voices all have flown,
Leaving me here desolated,
In my widowhood alone;
But the old piano lingers,
And about its dreamy strings
Rests the memory of fingers,
And their pleasant utterings.

Now it takes angelic seeming,
Calling me with hopeful voice,
From the land where peace and gladness
Through eternal hours rejoice;
And I feel the hand extended
Of the loved ones gone before,
Grasping mine amid the darkness,
With the fervency of yore.

How I love it!—like a sister,
Ever faithful by my side,
Patient in my fallen fortunes,
Loving in my hours of pride;
It is not to me insensate,
And I'm sure it feels with me,
Sorrowing in my saddened moments,
Laughing in my hours of glee.

Blessings on thee, old piano!
While I live we ne'er shall part,
For thy melody is woven
With the pulses of my heart.
Years may dim my mortal vision,
And my raven hair turn gray,
But my wasted life is blended,
With the thoughts that round thee stay.

Miscellaneous.

A Good Joke.

A number of politicians, all of whom were seeking office under government, were seated on a tavern porch talking, when an old toper, named John D., a person who is very loquacious, when corned, but exactly opposite when sober, said that if the company had no objections he would tell them a story.—They told him to "fire away," whereupon he spoke as follows:

A certain king—I don't recollect his name—had a philosopher upon whose judgment he always depended. Now, it so happened that one day the king took it into his head to go a hunting, and summoned his nobles.—Making the necessary preparations, he summoned the philosopher and told him it would rain. The philosopher told him it would not and he and his nobles departed. While journeying along they met a countryman mounted on a jackass. He advised them to return, "for it certainly will rain," said he. They smiled contemptuously upon him and passed on. Before they had gone many miles, however, they had reason to regret not having taken the rustic's advice, as a heavy shower coming up; they were drenched to the skin. When they had returned to the palace the king reprimanded the philosopher severely.

"I met a countryman," said he, "and he knows a great deal more than you, for he told me it would rain, whereas you told me it would not."

The king then gave him his walking papers and sent for the countryman, who soon made his appearance.

"Tell me how you knew it would rain," said the king.

"I didn't know, my jackass told me," said the rustic.

"And how, pray, did he tell you," asked the king.

"By pricking up his ears, your majesty," returned the rustic.

The king sent the countryman away, and procuring the jackass of him, he placed him, the jackass, in the office the philosopher had filled.

"And here," observed Jack, looking very wise, "is where the king made a very great mistake."

"How so?" inquired the auditors.

"Why ever since that time," said Jack, with a grin on his phiz, "*every jackass wants an office!!*"

☞When Douglas Gerrold applied at the Austrian office in London for a passport to travel on the Continent, he was told that "Douglas Gerrold could get no passport from the Austrian Government." He replied, "That shows its weakness—not my strength."

Down Hill.

A LIFE PICTURE.

Not long since, I had occasion to visit one of our courts, and while conversing with a legal friend, I heard the name of John Anderson called.

"There is a hard case," remarked my friend.

I looked upon the man in the prisoner's dock. He was standing up, and plead guilty to the crime of theft. He was a tall man; but bent and infirm, though not old. His garb was torn, sparse, and filthy; his hair matted with dirt, and his bowed form quivered with delirium. Certainly, I never saw a more pitiable object. Surely, that man was not born a villain. I moved my place to obtain a fairer view of his face. He saw my movement, and turned his head. He gazed upon me a single instant, and then, covering his face with his hands, sunk, powerless into his seat. "Good God!" I involuntarily ejaculated, starting forward. "Wil——"

I had half spoken his name, when he quickly raised his head, and cast upon me a look of such imploring agony that my tongue was tied at once. Then he covered his face again. I asked my legal companion if the prisoner had counsel. He said no. I then told him to do all in his power for the poor fellow's benefit, and I would pay him. He promised, and I left: I could not remain and see the man tried. Tears came to my eyes as I gazed upon him, and it was not until I gained the street and walked some distance that I could breathe freely.

John Anderson! Alas! he was ashamed to be known as his mother's son. That was not his real name; but you shall know him by no other. I will call him by the name that stands upon the records of the court.

John Anderson was my schoolmate and it was not many years ago—not over twenty—that we left our Academy together; he to return to the home of wealthy parents—I, to sit down for a few years in the dingy sanctum of a printing office, and then wander off across the ocean. I was gone some four years, and when I returned I found John a married man. His father was dead, and had left his only son a princely fortune.

"And, C——," he said to me, as he met me at a railway station, "you shall see what a bird I have caged. My Ellen is a lark, a robin, a very princess of all birds that ever looked beautiful or sang sweetly."

He was enthusiastic, but not mistaken, for I found his wife all he said, simply omitting the poetry. She was one of the most beautiful women I had ever seen. And so good too—so loving and kind. Aye, she so loved John, that she really loved all his friends.—What a lucky fellow to find such a wife, and what a lucky woman to find such a husband, for John Anderson was handsome as she, tall, straight, manly and high-browed, with rich chestnut curls, and a face as faultless, noble and beautiful, as artist ever copied. And he was good, too; and kind, generous and true.

I spent a week with them, and I was happy, all the while. John's mother lived with them, as fine an old lady as ever breathed, and making herself constant joy by doting on her "darling boy," as she always called him. I gave her an account of my adventures by sea and land, in foreign climes, and she kissed me because I loved her darling.

I did not see John again for four years.—In the evening I reached his house. He was not in, but his wife and mother were there to receive me, and two curly headed boys were at play about Ellen's chair. I knew at once they were my friend's children. Everything seemed pleasant until the little ones were abed and asleep and then I could see that Ellen was troubled. She tried to hide it, but a face so used to sunshine of smiles could not conceal a cloud.

At length John came. His face was flushed and his eyes looked inflamed. He grasped my hand with a happy laugh, called me "old fellow," "old dog;" said I must come and live with him, and many other extravagant things. His wife tried to hide her tears, while his mother shook her head and said:

"He'll sow these wild oats soon. My darling can never be a bad man."

"God grant it!" I thought to myself; and I knew that the same prayer was upon Ellen's lips.

It was late when we retired, and we might not have done so then, had not John fallen asleep in his chair.

On the following morning I walked out with my friend. I told him I was sorry to see him as I saw him the night before.—"Oh," said he with a laugh, "oh, that was nothing. Only a little wine party. We had a glorious time. I wish you been there."

At first I thought I would say no more, but was it not my duty? I knew his nature better than he knew it himself. His appetites and pleasures bounded his own vision. I knew how kind and generous he was—alas, too kind, too generous.

"John, could you have seen Ellen's face last evening, you would have trembled.—Can you make her unhappy?"

He stopped with:—

"Don't be a fool. Why should she be unhappy?"

"Because she fears you are going *down hill*," said I.

"Did she say so?" he asked, with a flushed face.

"No; I read it in her countenance," I said.

"Perhaps a reflection of your own thoughts," he suggested.

"Surely, I thought so when you came home," I replied.

Never can I [illegible]et the look he gave me then, so full of reproof, of surprise, and of pain.

"C——, I forgive you, for I know you to be my friend; but never speak to me like that. I going down hill? You know better than that. That can never be. I know my own power, and I know my wants. My mother knows me better than Ellen does."

Ah, had that mother been as wise as she was loving, she would have seen that the "wild oats" which her son was sowing, would grow up and ripen, to furnish only seed for re-sowing! But she loved him—loved him almost too well, or I should say, too blindly.

But I could say no more. I only prayed that God would guard him, and then we conversed on other subjects. I could spend but a day with him, but we promised to correspond often.

Three years more passed, during which John Anderson wrote to me at least once a month, and oftener sometimes; but at the end of that time his letters ceased coming, and I received no more for two years, when I again found myself in his native town. It was early in the afternoon when I arrived, and I took dinner at the hotel.

I had finished my meal, and was lounging in front of the hotel, when I saw a funeral procession winding into a distant churchyard. I asked the landlord whose funeral it was.

"Mrs. Anderson's," he said; and as he spoke, I noticed a slight drooping of the head, as if it cut him to say so.

"What! John Anderson's wife?" I ventured.

"No," he said, "it is his mother;" and as he told me this, he turned away. But a gentleman near by, overheard our conversation, and at once took up the theme.

"Our host don't seem inclined to converse upon that subject," he remarked with a shrug. Inquiring, "Did you know John Anderson?"

"He was my schoolmate in boyhood, and my bosom friend in youth," I told him.

He then led me to one side, and spoke as follows:

"Poor John! He was the pride of the town six years ago. This man opened his hotel at that time, and sought custom by giving wine suppers. John was present at many of them—the gayest of the gay, and the most generous of the party. In fact he paid for nearly all of them. Then he began to go down hill ever since. At times true friends prevailed upon him to stop, but his stops were of short duration. A short season of sunshine would gleam upon his home, and then the night came more dark and dreary than before.

"He said he never would get drunk again, but still he would take a glass of wine with a friend! This glass of wine was but the gate that let in the flood. Six years ago he was worth sixty thousand dollars. Yesterday he borrowed the sum of fifty dollars to pay his mother's funeral exepenses! That poor mother bore up as long as she could.—She saw her son—her "darling boy," as she always called him—brought home drunk many times. And—she even bore blows from him! But now she is at rest. Her "darling" wore her life away, and brought her gray hairs in sorrow to the grave! Oh, I hope this may reform him!"

"But his wife?" I asked.

"Her heavenly love has held her up thus far, but she is only a shadow of the wife she was six years ago," he returned.

My informant was deeply affected, and so was I; consequently I asked no more.

During the remainder of the afternoon I debated with myself whether to call upon John at all. But finally I resolved to go, though I waited till after ten. I found John and his wife alone. They had both been weeping, though I could see at a glance that Ellen's face was beaming with hope and love. But oh! she was changed—sadly, painfully so. They were glad to see me, and my hand was shaken warmly.

"Dear C——, don't say a word of the past," John urged, shaking my hand a second time. "I know you spoke the truth five years ago. I was going down hill. But I have gone as far as I can—here I stop at the foot. Everything is gone but my wife. I have sworn—and my oath shall be kept—Ellen and I are going to be happy now."

The poor fellow burst into tears; Ellen followed suit, and I kept them company. I could not help crying like a child. My God, what a sight! The once noble, true man, so fallen—become a mere broken glass—the last fragment only reflecting the image it once bore; a poor suppliant at the foot of hope, begging a grain of warmth for the hearts of himself and wife! And how I honored and loved that man, and how I loved him still! Oh how I hoped—aye, more than hoped—I believed that he would be saved. And as I gazed upon that wife—so trusting, so loving, so true, and so hopeful, even in the midst of living death—I prayed more fervently than I ever prayed before, that God would hold him up—lead him back to the top of the hill.

In the morning I saw the children—grown to two intelligent boys; and though they looked pale and wan, they smiled and seemed happy when their father kissed them.—When I went away, John took me by the hand, and the last words he said were:

"Trust me. Believe me now; I will be a man henceforth while life lasts!"

A little over two more years had passed, when I read in newspaper the death of Ellen Anderson. I started for the town where they lived as soon as possible, thinking I might help some one! A fearful presentiment possessed my mind.

"Where is John Anderson?" I asked.

"Don't know, I'm sure. He's been gone these three months. His wife died in the mad-house last week!"

"And the children?"

"Oh, they both died before she did."

I staggered back and hurried from the place. I hardly knew which way I went, but instinct led me to the churchyard. I found four graves which had been made in three years. The mother, wife, and two children, slept in them.

"And what has done this?" I asked myself. And a voice answered from the lowly sleeping places:

"The demon of the wine table."

But this was not all the work. No, no. The next I saw—oh—God, what was more terrible! I saw it in the city court room. But that was not the last—not the last.

I saw my legal friend on the day following the trial. He said John Anderson was in prison. I hastened to see him. The turnkey conducted me to his cell, the key turned in the large lock, the ponderous door with a sharp creak swung upon its hinges, and I saw a dead body suspended by the neck from a grating window! I looked at the horrible face; I could see nothing of John Anderson there, but the face I had seen in the courtroom was sufficient to connect the two; and I knew that this was all that remained of him that I loved so well.

And this was the last of the demon's work; the last action in the terrible drama. Ah! from the first sparkle of the red wine it had been down, down, down! until the foot of the hill had been finally reached.

When I turned away from the cell, and once more walked amid the flashing saloons and revel halls, I wished that my voice had power to thunder the life story of which I had been a witness, into the ears of all living men!

Execution of Colonel Hayne.

Among the distinguished men who fell victims during the war of the American Revolution was Col. Isaac Hayne, of South Carolina; a man who by his amiability of character and high sentiments of honor and uprightness, had secured the good will and affection of all who knew him. He had a wife and six small children, the oldest a boy thirteen years of age. His wife, to whom he was tenderly attached, fell a victim to disease; an event hastened not improbably by the inconveniences and sufferings incident to a state of war, in which the whole family largely participated. Col. Hayne himself was taken prisoner by the British forces, and in a short time was executed on the gallows, under circumstances calculated to excite the deepest commisseration. A great number of persons, both English and Americans, interceded for his life. The ladies of Charleston signed a petition in his behalf; his motherless children were presented on their bended knees as humble suitors for their beloved father; but all in vain.—During the imprisonment of the father, the eldest son was permitted to stay with him in prison. Beholding his only surviving parent, for whom he felt the deepest affection, loaded with irons and condemned to die, he was overwhelmed with consternation and sorrow. The wretched father endeavored to console him, by reminding him that the unavailing grief of the son tended only to increase his own misery; that we came into this world merely to die; and he could even rejoice that his trouble were so near an end. "To-morrow," said he, "I set out for immortality. You will accompany me to the place of execution; and when I am dead, take my body and bury it by the side of your mother." The youth here fell on his father's neck, crying, "Oh, my father! my father! I will die for you! I will die with you!" Col. Hayne, as he was loaded with irons, was unable to return the embrace of his son, and merely said to him in reply—"Live, my son; live to honor God by a good life; live to serve your country; and live to take care of your brother and little sisters." The next morning Col. Hayne was conducted to the place of execution.—His son accompanied him. As soon as they came in sight of the gallows, the father strengthened himself and said, "Now, my son show yourself a man! The tree is the boundary of my life, and all my life-sorrows. Beyond that, the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. Don't lay too much at heart our separation; it will be but short. To-day I die; and you, my son, though but young, must shortly follow me." "Yes, my father," replied the broken-hearted youth, "I shall shortly follow you, for, indeed, I cannot live long." And his melancholy anticipation was fulfilled in a manner more dreadful than is implied in the mere extinction of life. On seeing his father in the hands of the executioner, and then struggling in the halter, he stood like one transfixed and motionless with horror. Till then he had wept incessantly; but soon as he saw that sight, the fountains of his tears were stanched, and he never wept more.—He died insane; and in his last moments often called upon his father, in terms that brought tears from the very hardest hearts.

☞A little three year old girl accompanied her father upon a visit to her grand parents in the country, where a blessing is invoked by the white-haired patriarch before each meal. The custom was one with which our little friend had not been made familiar at home, and of course upon the first occasion she was silent in curious watchfulness. But when the family gathered around the board the second time after the commencement of her visit, she was prepared for the preliminary religious ceremony and observing that her father did not seem duly conscious of the approaching solemnity, she called him to order by saying with stern gravity: "Be still, papa—grandpa's going to talk to his plate pretty soon."

Progress of the American Republic.

The onward course of this country has been, and continues to be, truly extraordinary. A comparative analysis of the area of the present States, with that of the Territories destined to be created into States, exhibits the interesting fact that the area of the latter in square miles exceeds that of the former. The superficial area of the Territories organized and unorganized, is set down as follows:

	Square Miles.		Square Miles.
Kansas Territory,	136,000	New Mexico T.,	210,000
Minnesota "	141,000	Nebraska T.,	528,000
Oregon "	227,000	Mesilla T.,	78,000
Washington "	113,000	Indian T.,	187,000
Utah "	187,000		
Square Miles,			1,307,000

To these Dacotah is to be added, of the extent of which we have seen no estimate.

The superficial area of the present States, is as follows:

	Square Miles.		Square Miles.
Maine,	30,000	Delaware,	2,120
New Hampshire,	9,200	Maryland,	9,674
Massachusetts,	7,800	Virginia,	61,352
Rhode Island,	1,300	North Carolina,	45,000
Connecticut,	4,674	South Carolina,	24,500
Vermont,	10,212	Georgia,	58,000
New York,	46,085	Alabama,	50,722
New Jersey,	8,320	Florida,	53,786
Pennsylvania,	46,000	Louisiana,	46,431
Ohio,	39,964	Arkansas,	52,198
Indiana,	33,809	Mississippi,	67,380
Illinois,	55,405	Missouri,	47,156
Wisconsin,	53,924	Tennessee,	45,600
Michigan,	56,243	Kentucky,	37,680
Iowa,	50,914	Texas,	237,321
California,	188,000		
	622,190		838,820
			622,190
Total,			1,461,010

It is seen that the area of Kansas is nineteen thousand square miles greater than that of all New England, New York, and New Jersey; and that the area of Nebraska is ninety-five thousand miles greater than that of the non slave-holding States, except California. Oregon is nearly equal in extent to all New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana. It is possible that New Mexico and Mesilla will be embraced in one Territorial organization by Congress at the present session, containing two hundred and eighty-eight thousand square miles of territory, exceeding that of all New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. Utah is nearly equal in extent to all New England, New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio. Washington exceeds in extent all New England and New York.

If the Territories should be cut up into States of the average size of the present States, the Union would consist, when they should all be admitted, of between sixty and seventy members. It is not likely this will be done; but as Texas will probably be divided into three States, and Nebraska into three more, the Union will, when all the territory now belonging to us shall be erected into States, consist of at least fifty members.

What a future do these facts and figures present to the imagination! It is, indeed, almost impossible to conceive the condition of this Republic half a century hence, if its inhabitants continue true to themselves and to the Union. We have only commenced our career as a nation, and yet how mighty are our resources! Less than a century has gone by since the Declaration of Independence was promulgated, and the thirteen original colonies have increased and multiplied to a truly amazing extent. All that is wanted to give the Great West a new and a mighty impulse is the construction of a railroad to the Pacific. But this work, so essential in many points of view to the national development, has been postponed by Congress, and is not likely to be consummated for years. This is to be deplored, especially as popular opinion is unequivocally in favor of the early completion of the stupendous enterprize. But even without a railroad the West will continue to move forward with untiring energy, and not a year will go by for a long period to come, without calling into existence new States and Territories. The United States may be regarded as the collossus of the nations of the New World, and huge as are our proportions at the present time, the indications are that they will grow up with our growth, and strengthen with our strength, until Mexico, Central America, and the Island of Cuba are annexed or absorbed. This prediction may seem wild and extravagant, and yet it is probable that the child has been born who may live to realize its fulfillment. As one nation crumbles to pieces another rises on its ruins.—This has been realized again and again in the Old World, and as like causes produce like effects, similar changes will, in the course of time, no doubt take place in the New.

Water Drinking.

Professor Silliman closed a recent Smithsonian lecture by giving the following sensible advice to young men:

"If, therefore, you wish for a clear mind, strong muscles, and quiet nerves, and long life, and power prolonged into old age, permit me to say, although I am not giving a temperance lecture, avoid all drinks but water and mild infusions of that fluid; shun tobacco and opium, and everything else that disturbs the normal state of the system; rely upon nutritious food, and mild dilutent drinks, of which water is the basis, and you will need nothing beyond these things, except rest and due moral regulation of your powers, to give you long, happy, and useful lives, and serene evenings at the close."

☞"Pray, madam, what do you charge for recovering an umbrella?" said Michael O'Flaherty, from Tipperary, the other day, walking into an umbrella shop. "Let me see it," was the reply. "Ah, faith, and that just what I want to do; for I've lost one, and I see you offer to recover them at a very small charge, so I was just thinking I would get you to recover mine."

Reminiscence of Sam Patch—His last Jump.

A correspondent of the Pittsburgh *Dispatch*, writing from Rochester, gives the following reminiscence of the world renowned Sam Patch:

Thirty years ago I happened to be on the ground where the building now stands from which I send you this patience-exhauster, and saw Sam Patch take his last and fatal leap off the Falls of Genesee. To-day I stood upon the brink of that fall, and saw an equally fool-hardy but more deeply interesting and beautiful performance by DeLave, the competitor of Blondin, for a hemp-en immortality.

I stood upon the very spot from which Sam made his third and fatal leap, and the seeming pre-existence feeling came upon me so strongly that I remarked to a gentleman near me, that I almost fancied the sad drama of Sam Patch was being played over again. He was within a few weeks of being as old as myself, and I found in him not only an old play fellow and schoolfellow, but one who had been a baby companion of myself on the same ground thirty years before.

While we were talking over the historical events connected with the spot, an old citizen joined us, who threw new light on an old story. He had been interested in getting Sam to make the jump, and seemed pretty familiar with the facts.

Sam had learned the jumping business in the State of New Jersey, where he frequently leaped the Passaic Falls for pastime. He had been up the Lakes or out West, and had secured a pet bear which was as faithful a follower as any dog could be. While in a "strapped" condition at Buffalo, during the summer of 1829, he had been induced by speculators to participate in a grand show at Niagara Falls, the programme of which was sending a bear in a boat from above over the fall; Patch jumping from a height of eighty or ninety feet into the abyss below, and the blasting off of a large portion of table rock, which was considered dangerous and necessary to be removed. The bear didn't go at the time expected, but the blast and Sam's jump were successfully and faithfully carried out. He jumped from a point on Goat Island about a third of the way up into the pool of foaming water beneath.

He shortly after jumped from the falls of the Genesee—ninety-six feet—into the water below, coming out in a few minutes safe and sound. Climbing up he threw his pet bear over, which being in danger of drowning without his assistance, caused him to jump after him. He made these two descents going down like an arrow, and striking the water feet foremost. Neither his bear nor himself were injured; but Sam thought "some things could be done as well as others." So he concluded he could beat his own unapproached feat.

On the 13th day of November, 1829, he attempted a more daring feat by jumping from a platform twenty-five feet higher than the Falls themselves, making a one-hundred and twenty feet leap. This was intended to "astonish the natives before he returned to the Jarseys," (as his announcements were worded,) and was to have been his last leap. His bear was to have followed him in half an hour by leaping after his master.

Ten thousand people flocked to the Falls to see this daring act—many who could not have been induced, except for his successes at the first trial, to have encouraged such an exhibition with their presence. He jumped at the time, but had drank so many times within the half hour preceding the leap, that he carelessly and foolishly jumped without regarding the way he was to strike below.—He fell into the water upon his side, and was not known to rise to the surface after the water had once closed over him. His body was found the next spring near Lake Ontario, and his name has become a by-word from Maine to California.

The gentleman who joined us expressed the firm conviction that Sam, half crazy with the liquor he had taken, really committed suicide. Be this as it may, Falls jumping has been interdicted from that day to this, although many have been willing to try the experiment.

☞A correspondent of the Fountain (Ind.) *Ledger* says that the jaw-bone of a monster was found in Little Shawnee Creek, in that county, recently. It is thus described:

The bone found is three feet long, twelve inches wide at the broadest part, and four by seven inches at the smallest part; has two perfect teeth, one four and a half by nine inches, the other four and a half by five and a half. The jaw-bone is perfectly petrified. To have completed the half circle, it would have required it to be four feet, three inches long. It has the appearance of once having a tusk two inches in diameter, as just above the curve is an opening that clearly marks the point of its connection to the jaws. The jaw-bone found belonged to the left side.—The teeth are perfectly sound, and indicate a carniverous animal.

☞The American rowdy is a terrible nuisance. Hear how the poor Dutch landlord described his sufferings at the hands of one of these amiable beings: "Ter rowdy comed in and axed me to sell him sum peer. I tells 'im he had more as would do 'im goot. He call me von ole Tutch liar, and begun to proke two tumplers. My vife she call for de vatch ouse. "Fore de vatch ouse got dere, de rowdy he kick Hans Scruggle behint his back, kissed my taughter Petsy before her face, proke all my tumplers cept ter old stone pitcher, and split my vife and todder peer parrels town inter cellar."

What is he Worth.

John Doe is a man of large possessions. He has houses, lands, stocks and all the appurtenances of a man of wealth. He is industrious, shrewd, and successful. His neighbors and the money-changers say he is *worth* a great deal, and so he is, if a man's worth must be measured by the length of his purse. But a real man is something else, and more than the gold and silver he happens to own, and therefore, the gospel of Mammon, and its credulous dupes, err in opinion and lie against the truth, when they pronounce John Doe *worth* a great deal, *merely* because he is rich. For worth and wealth are not synonymous or convertible terms; and a rich man may be a very worthless one.

None are really worth any more or less than the characters they possess, and their fitness of doing good to others. If one be ignorant, selfish, and miserly, he may sport a carriage in Broadway, yawn at the opera, lodge in the Fifth Avenue, and create a great sensation in Wall-street, where

Money makes the man; the want of it the fellow:
And all the rest is leather and prunella.

But if it be asked to what purpose does this man live? What is he worth to his fellow-men? What good does he do in the world? Echo answers, *What*? Like a sponge, he grows distended and dropsical with borrowed matter; and if he be thoroughly squeezed, and made to part with his fictitious weight, he becomes as light and worthless as gossamer, for he has no internal solidity of character. He has transmuted himself into gold, and when that is gone, the man is gone too.

There are some every where, in our prosperous country of great possessions, who resemble nothing so much as the receiving-vault of a cemetery, which locks up in darkness and death all that comes within its dreary precincts. No appeal of sorrow; no cry for aid; no glorious promise of future good; no prophetic voice, or angel-whisper of love, can penetrate or dispel the putrid composure that reigns within.

And thus Mr. John Doe may fill up his coffers and increase his personal resources; but if his heart be pitiless, devoid of generous sympathies and human desires; if riches are with him the end of existence; if he can find no other use for his money than to employ it in purchasing base indulgence, or laying it by for uncertain, and perhaps profligate, heirs; if he finds not pleasure in the charities of life or institutions devoted to human weal; if he is always a greedy receiver, and never a liberal dispenser; alas! then, for the so called rich, but actually *poor*, John Doe. His penury is worse than that of a Lazarus. He is more worthless than the beggar child, who shared her crust with others, remembering and feeling that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

"What is a man worth?" He is worth precisely just so much as he has capacity and inclination to be useful. He is to be estimated by the good he attempts or accomplishes. Not the tax-gatherer, but the Word of God, can decide his true value.—Neither polished marble nor lying epitaph can ever preserve the memory or ennoble the life of him who, dying, leaves behind no monument of mercy, and no remembrancers of generous and benevolent worthiness.

"Oh, brother man! fold to thy heart thy brother;
Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there;
To worship rightly is to love each other;
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

"Follow with reverent step the great example
Of him whose holy work was "doing good;"
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude."

—[*Christian Intelligencer.*

Friendship.

A beautiful paragraph on Friendship occurs in a late number of the *North American Review*. "One of the hardest trials"—says that periodical—"of those who fall from affluence and honor to poverty and obscurity, is the discovery that the attachment of so many in whom they confided, was a pretence, a mask to gain their own ends, or was a miserable shallowness. Sometimes, doubtless, it is with regret these frivolous followers of the world desert those upon whom they have fawned; but they soon forget them. Flies leave the kitchen when the dishes are empty. The parasites that cluster about the favorite of fortune, to gather his gifts and climb by his aid linger with the sunshine, but scatter at the approach of a storm, as the leaves cling to a tree in summer weather, but drop off at the breath of winter, and leave it naked to the stinging blast. Like Ravens settled down for a banquet, and suddenly scared by a horse, who fly quickly, at the first calamity, these superficial earthlings are mere specks on the horizon! But a true friend sits in the centre, and is for all times. Our need only reveals him more fully, and binds him, more closely to us. Prosperity and adversity are both revealers, the difference being that in the former our friends know them. But notwithstanding the insincerity and greediness prevalent among men, there is a vast deal more of esteem and fellow yearning than is ever outwardly shown.

There are many examples of unadulterated affection, more deeds of silent love and magnanimity than is usually supposed. Our misfortunes bring to our sides real friends before unknown. Benevolent impulses, where we could not expect them, in modest privacy, enact many scenes of beautiful wonder amidst plaudits of angels."

☞Every man thinks that Cæsar's wife ought to be above suspicion, but he is far less particular as what Cæsar himself ought to be.